

Grey Sky Morning

by Jenn Perry

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Summary: Dawson's summer plans never included this...

1. May

Title: Grey Sky Morning (1/4)
>Author: Jenn Perry
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>Rating: PG-14
Spoilers: True Love
>Distribution: Please ask first
Disclaimer: All recognized characters and situations belong to
>Kevin Williamson, The WB, and Granville Productions and I am in

no way affiliated with these entities. All other characters and

>situations belong to me. "Best I Ever Had (Grey Sky Morning)"

belongs to Vertical Horizon and can be found on their "Everything

>You Want" CD.
Summary: Dawson's summer plans never included this.

>
Props: To Chris, my Marine, thanks for loving me no matter what.

>I miss you very much and I can't wait to see you again. Also major

praises to Laura Smith, who is not only my favorite fanfic author,
>but is now my favorite beta reader. Laura, you're the best!

>Author's Notes: I never thought I'd write a Dawsonfic, but he

came and begged me to tell his tale, so here goes - a four part

>series - in his own voice. Thanks to everyone who gave me

feedback on "Open Water" - it means more than I can say (and

>I'm a writer g)!

>Part One

>* * * *
So you sailed away
>Into a grey sky morning
Now I'm here to stay
>Love can be so boring
Nothing's quite the same now
>I just say your name now
* * * *

>
May 2000

>
There's an old saying: "If you love something, let it go. If it

>comes back, then it was really yours to begin with." Well, guess

what? That handy proverb forgot to mention the part where you

>have to sit around and wait for it to come back, desperately hoping

it will, constantly fearing it won't and picturing your life if
it

>doesn't.

>Sure, I'm rambling, but let's just take a minute to look at what my

life has become, shall we? I'm sitting alone in my room, staring
at

>absolutely blank walls, using my gifted imagination to picture what

my soul mate and her new boy toy are doing and I don't like what
I

>see. The walls are even barer than before, since my little rage

episode that destroyed the "Imagine" poster-kind of ironic since

>I can't help but imagine these days. Aunt Gwen's picture of Joey

and I is under my bed, for now. It's just too painful to look at.

>
I'm not sure it's possible, but I think I'm living with two
halves of

>a heart instead of one whole one. For about six weeks or so now,

I could feel it slowly tearing, one shred of muscle at a time.

>Every wistful look on Joey's face or depressed look on Pacey's

pulled at my heart a little more. At the wedding, listening to
Joey

>try to describe our happy summer together, all the while looking

about ten seconds from tears, I knew that I had to let her go. I

>had to set her free. I had to know if she would come back.

>It's a feeling I had been having ever since the prom. That's the

night everything changed. I knew it would. Of course, it didn't

>change the way I had expected it to. Not at all.

>It had never really occurred to me that Joey could actually be in

love with him. It wasn't logical. I never gave it a second
thought,

>especially when she ended it with him after I expressed my

disapproval. She had avoided him since, never truly meeting his

>gaze, which I had thought was a form of her embarrassment. Her

discomforted stemmed from the fact that she had done something

>that she wasn't proud of. She had been spending a lot of time
with
me, trying to rebuild things, which I took as a good omen.
That

>was until I saw them dance.

>She was pressed against him, much closer than we had ever
danced.
I watched him smooth her hair, caress her wrist and
whisper in her

>ear. If it had been anyone but them, it would have been such a

romantic scene. Well, hell, it was something right out of the

>movies, but it still made me ill. It makes me ill just thinking
about
it.

>
I noticed Andie across the room, also watching them. She,
>however, didn't display the disgust which I knew must be playing

across my face like a violin. She didn't look angry that her prom
>date was intimately wrapped around mine not fifteen feet from

her. Instead, her expression was more of resignation and sadness.
>Well, she could give up, but I was going to fight for Joey.

>For the moment, though, I was frozen in place, my eyes locked on

them in some sort of morbid curiosity. Joey was so wrapped up in
>him that she didn't see me standing there, ten feet away. When he

pulled her closer still, I could feel the strands of my heart
>breaking a little more, moving me closer two having two halves

rather than one whole. Sort of like Joey and me-we were becoming
>more Dawson€|and€|Joey instead of Dawsonandjoey. But then I
saw
her face over his shoulder-a face I had never seen before,
which
>saddened me a little more.

>Her cheek was pressed close to his as if she couldn't get close

enough. Her eyes were closed, her mouth slightly gaping. She was
>lost in passion-from dancing.

>I couldn't take it any longer. Her eyes drifted open and locked

with mine. She wasn't sorry or ashamed-in her gaze, I found no
>regrets. That was the last straw. I stormed out of my mother's

restaurant, hoping she would follow. I wanted to tell her how I
had
>choreographed this whole evening. I needed her to know how I had

planned the perfect night, how I had tried to fulfill every
girl's
>prom dream date. I had to tell her how much I needed her and
how
much I wanted to be with her, to hold her, hug her, kiss her
>and love her.

>And she did come running after me, but the conversation did not go

as scripted. Not at all. The words meant to woo her at the end of
>the night came out as accusations and my last ditch effort to make

her feel it, a kiss, fell flat when she didn't kiss me back. My
>pride hurt and my heart severely bruised, I left her standing in

the middle of the street. And she didn't come after me.
>
When I got home, I fell on my bed and stared. I felt like
crying,
>but I couldn't. No tears would come. I knew then that I had lost

and it was so painful. This war between Pacey and me, that had
>driven away the guy that I had loved like brother, that I had

trusted to watch my girl's back for a while, it was finally
coming
>to an end. I think I was the only one who knew it at that moment,

but all the battles had been fought. All the ultimatums and
bribes,
>the fights and harsh words were over. The victory was not mine.

The spoils of war would not go to me; they would go to him.

>
The days that followed were filled with tension, even with my

>parents getting married. Joey spent all her free time at my house,
helping my mother plan the details of their wedding. She'd come

>over to study and sometimes stay for dinner. It felt like old times
again, just like she wanted. But it wasn't real. Sometimes I'd catch

>this look on her face like she wanted to be anywhere but here. But
she stayed. She wanted to prove to me that she was my friend.

>She needed my approval.

>I liked that feeling of power at first. It meant that Joey needed
to be with me and I definitely wanted that, no matter how it

>happened. But it wasn't enough. I didn't want her to climb through
my window, wanting to watch a movie because she felt she should or

> that she had to. I wanted her to want to be with me. It became
evident with every passing day that she was restless, that she

>didn't want to go back to the way things were. She wanted to
move on. But she couldn't move on without my endorsement.

>
Standing there on that dock, telling her to walk away from me was

>the hardest thing I've ever had to do. I told her to go to him, that
she was free of me. After every sentence, I hoped she would give

>me the look I'd been craving. The look that said she wanted to be
with me, that she didn't want to leave me here. The look never came.

>Instead, she turned around and walked away. The chains fell to the
ground and we became two separate entities. There would be no

>more DawsonandJoey, no more climbing through my window, no more
rowing to my dock. She had finally made her decision and I had lost.

>I had been right. The spoils of this war were not mine. The finals
shreds of tissue that had been holding my mangled heart together

>separated, leaving me with a completely broken heart, one with two
separate halves, no connection between them. The pain overcame

>me, and the tears that I had been holding in flowed out of my body
in such a release that I fell to the dock unable to pull myself up for

>quite sometime.

>When I did pull myself together, I knew I had made the right
choice. I couldn't tell her how wrong Pacey was for her. She had

>to find out for herself. Then she would come back to me.

>For now, I just have to wait.

>* * * *
But it's not so bad

>You're only the best I ever had
You don't want me back

>You're just the best I ever had
* * * *

>
End Part One

2. June

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> Grey Sky Morning - Part Two Title: Grey Sky Morning (2/4)
>Author: Jenn Perry
>E-mail: jalcivar@gmu.edu
>Rating: PG-14
>Spoilers: True Love
>Distribution: Please ask first

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>Summary: Dawson's summer plans never included this.

Props: Thanks to Laura Smith for being a great beta! Also to maeve and Heather for being great friends even though we've never met.

Author's Notes: It only took two months for me to get my muse back and I hope this fic lives up to the nice things you said about the first part.

Part Two

>* * * *
So you stole my world
>Now I'm just a phony
Remembering the girl
>Leaves me down and lonely
Send it in a letter
>Make yourself feel better
* * * *

June 2000

Ever have one of those days that you just know is going to be bad? You wake up with that queasy feeling and it just won't go away. You spend the whole day just waiting for the other shoe to drop.

I'm not sure how I managed to avoid it for the past month, but I'm glad I did, although I wish could have managed to avoid it for the whole summer. I was doing a fairly good job of keeping myself in denial, thinking that Joey would appear on my doorstep and tell me that it was all a mistake. I spend much of my time working at the fish house since tourist season is in full swing, which has helped to keep my mind off Joey. Then, today, I went to the grocery store and I saw it.

Joey's wall with Pacey's painted entreaty:

A S K M E
>T O S T A Y<p>

Those four words destroyed the world I knew. They had changed the group dynamic and the course of our personal history up till now. Those words had caused Joey to make a decision that not only changed her life, but the lives of everyone around her. That wall reminds me how different we've all become, but also of the vicious circles in which we all travel.

A year ago, when Joey was asked to go to France, she had wanted me to ask her to stay and I couldn't find the words until it was almost too late, breaking Jen's heart in the process. And when I finally got up the courage, I used actions, not just words. Now Pacey had wanted Joey to ask him to stay and she couldn't find the words until it was almost too late, breaking my heart in the process. Again she used actions, not just words, but instead of keeping him here, she went with him, which in all fairness, was not an option for me at the time. Maybe that's why Jen and I get along so well now - because we know what it's like to be brushed aside in the wake of "True Love."

The Jen, Jack, Andie and I are getting along famously, better than ever before. We've gone to Boston and Providence on day trips when we weren't working and we hang out every night, usually at my house, and watch movies or play games or just eat and talk. It's amazing some of the conversations we've had and although I don't remember everything that was said, the fact that we could just share like that is really amazing. I haven't been so open with anyone since...well...since Joey.

I thought the worst was over now, having rationalized the wall on the way home, but the gnawing wouldn't go away. Mom yelled for me to go out and pick up the mail while she carried the groceries into the house. I snagged it out of the bin and dumped it on the table.

I was rooting around in the fridge for something good, when Mom said the words that would lead to the event that would changed this summer forever: "Hey Dawson, something came for you." Grabbing the bottle of OJ in one hand and a ham sandwich I had found in the other, I took the envelope the only way I could--in my teeth.

Mom was getting ready to head back to the restaurant for the evening shift. She warned me before she left the house that they wouldn't be back until late. She and Dad were going to have to have a chat with the summer staff. Apparently, after a month on the job, some of them still haven't grasped the meaning of "customer service."

Arriving in my room, I spit the envelope on my bed before setting the food down on the night table. And then I saw it:

Pacey Witter & Joey Potter
>"True Love"
Key West, Florida

was written in Joey's precise penmanship on the back flap of the envelope. I guess she assumed it to be some sort of return address, although no letter would ever find them addressed in that manner.

THEM.

I stared at it, afraid to open it. The contents of that letter were sure to forever alter whatever perception I had held of them on that boat. My rational thought process told me that it was simply a habit. I had heard Jen's furtive whispers to the rest of the group on days when she had received a letter or postcard while she thought I was out of earshot. The fact that it had become "habit" for my best friend to sign her name with his sickened me further. Then I had a strange flash of my life in ten years, opening a similar envelope and

reading:

Merry Christmas! We hope you'll make it out to visit us over the holidays. We miss you!

>Love,
Pacey and Joey Witter

My body physically shook at the revulsion of that image. Damn my overactive imagination for conjuring such an implausible sight. That was not going to happen--I couldn't let it.

I ran my hands over the words, picturing her scribbling the "address" before licking it closed. The same tongue that had wet the gum to seal this precious envelope was right now probably in my ex-best friend's mouth. How utterly ironic--and disgusting!

Finally, I decided to open it and hear her out. I figured I owed her at least that. I carelessly ripped the envelope's flap, smirking when the words "Joey Potter" and "Pacey Witter" ended up torn apart. Out of the envelope fell two folded bundles of paper and another plain white envelope. My heart sank upon further inspection of the contents. One letter was from Joey, the other from Pacey. Another of my hopes was dashed.

Upon seeing the letter, I had secretly hoped that Joey was writing to ask me to come get her, to tell me that she needed me, wanted me. But no. Apparently, not only were the happy couple still "happy" but they had actually had at least one serious conversation--about me--in between all the face sucking or whatever the hell they were doing out there.

Now the quandary was mine. Read the letters and prove to myself that I can handle it or throw it all away and try to forget I ever saw it? I knew the decision was really already made--I had to see what they had to say. I needed to know. I was encouraged only slightly that the letters were written separately. They weren't sharing everything yet.

I picked up the folded bundle marked "Dawson" in Joey's clear handwriting. I couldn't deal with Pacey yet--not until I knew what Joey was thinking.

> Dear Dawson,

>

> My first request is for you to read Pacey's letter. I had to beg him to write it - not because he didn't want to, but because he knew you wouldn't read it and he shouldn't waste his time. Please don't prove him right - I know you'd hate for that to happen. No matter what happens, I know you.

>

> But I didn't intend to spend my letter talking to you about Pacey. You two have your own issues, just like we do. I am concerned about us Dawson. You say love forgives anything and you say that you wanted me to go, but I know that can't be the truth. You wanted me to be with you, to love you like you love me, to want you like I want Pacey. And I'm not sorry that I don't because I wouldn't trade what I have with Pacey for anything. But I miss you Dawson. Standing out on that boat late at night I would look north and wonder what you were thinking and what you were doing. I hope you're okay. I don't want to sound presumptuous in that my leaving would have caused you so much pain that you wouldn't live through it, but I know how it feels to

nurse a broken heart alone.

>

> I could write volumes on how I feel and how I wish you could understand, but they're just words. They won't mean anything now. Please consider the white envelope.

>

> Love,

>Joey

> <p>

It annoys me how well she knows me sometimes. It makes it harder to be angry. Her words could make me melt even when they cut so deep. I was happy that she thought of me late at night. I could envision her slipping away from in bed on the boat to look north and think of me. Pacey would feel her leave him and know that even though she was with him, she was thinking of me, causing a rift between the young lovers. Not knowing what was really happening out there in the Atlantic was a source of comfort to me, allowing me to indulge in these fantasies that would bring her back to me.

During my short daydream, Joey's letter had fallen from my hand and landed on the bed, next to Pacey's. His scrawl embossed my name on the front, as if it could be for someone else. I wasn't sure I was prepared to read what he had to say, but curiosity got the better of me and I open his letter.

> Dawson,

>

> So, she got to you, huh? That Potter girl really knows how to push the buttons and make men do whatever she wants. She got me to write you and now she's gotten you to read it. She's really got us by the balls, huh? Of course, for you, that's a figurative term, right?

>

> I'm not trying to start a fight, really I'm not. I guess I just want to say that I'm going to take care of her, man. I know you don't believe that and that she's probably lost her head for being with a guy like me, but I promise you that I won't hurt her. I love her more than I've ever loved anyone, surely you can understand that. That probably isn't much consolation to you right now, but it needed to be said. You're the brother I never had, man, and I don't want to give that up. I hope you can see the big picture and know that I am still your friend - we both are - and that one day we can bury the hatchet and act like it. Take care and think about the envelope, okay?

>

> Pacey

He was right. His words didn't mean anything to me - they couldn't right now, nothing could. Just hearing him say that he wanted to take care of her and saying that I was his brother burned me inside. He had taken the one thing I was sure of in this life and turned her against me. As angry as I was though, I did miss them. Hanging out with Jen and Andie and Jack was cool, but nothing could beat those summers that I used to hang out with Joey and Pacey all day and watch movies all night, like a four month sleepover.

Time is an amazing thing. It has been a month since I was "left at the altar" and the anger and hurt I've been harboring is dissipating every day, no matter how I try to hold on to it. The letters stirred that anger, but I couldn't hold it there. I fell back on my bed to stare at the ceiling and my head landed on the last piece of the

puzzle. Pulling the white envelope from behind my head, I turned it over and over in my hands. Why did I have to consider the contents of this envelope? What was so important that they both mentioned it in the letter? As I turned it, the flap came open and the contents fell out.

A plane ticket to Key West, Florida.

* * * *

>But it's not so bad
You're only the best I ever had
>You don't need me back
You're just the best I ever had
>* * * * <p>

End Part Two

End
file.